Taming the Beast

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Taming the Beast

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 12: Pet Play.

Hannibal finds his taste for murder is increasingly primal in nature. Will helps him find an outlet for this, and is there to help bring the beast to heel when he's done.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will cut the zip ties that held their victim's hands together, gave him a hard shove so he stumbled down the stairs into the basement, and quickly closed and locked the door behind him. He pressed his ear against the door, and it wasn't long before he heard the sounds of swearing, scrambling, and finally screams, mixed with the growls of a beast. Will waited a minute after the last scream faded out, then unlocked the door and entered the basement with his knife drawn.

Hannibal was crouched naked over the body, mouth coated in blood and chewing some scrap of flesh. His prey was soaked in blood, with several ragged bites along its arms in addition to the chunk missing from its throat—Hannibal had taken the time to enjoy himself before the killing blow. This was the way he liked to unleash his inner beast now. After the climactic experience of killing the Dragon, he had found it increasingly difficult to tolerate barriers between his flesh and the victim's, or to accept a blade as a substitute for bare hands and teeth; it was also more and more difficult to pull the stretched-thin fabric of his person suit back over himself when he was done. Having greater distance between these two halves of his life, as it turned out, was more sustainable in the long run.

Hannibal growled very slightly as Will approached, but bowed his head when Will met his eyes sharply.

"I'm just taking the parts you asked me to save for later," Will said. "You can have the rest."

He paused before setting to work on the body, and gave Hannibal a scratch on the head. "Nice job with the hunt, as always. He'll be delicious."

Hannibal's lips twitched and he leaned his head into the scratch. He was always non-verbal in this state, but Will could still see his clear pleasure at providing for them. Never mind that it was Will who had caught the victim to start with—he needed to, because Hannibal hunting like this anywhere outside would leave far too much forensic evidence. Here they had total control over the environment. It didn't have quite the thrill of a hunt in the wild, but the victims were still unrestrained, and Hannibal unarmed. It would do for now.

Will finished gathering the organs that Hannibal had requested, and packed them in a cooler.

"Come see me when you're done eating."

He hadn't been sitting upstairs for long before Hannibal appeared. He had washed his hands and feet—they had learned the hard way that avoiding this momentary break in character was not the worth the cleanup time if he came upstairs tracking blood all over the furniture. But his mouth and chin was still soaked in blood, and it trickled down his throat. He came into the room not quite on hands and knees—more of a crouch, limbs strong and lithe. He sat in front of Will's feet, placing his head on Will's knees expectantly.

"Did you have a nice snack, boy?" Will asked. He scratched behind Hannibal's ears and received a satisfied hum, back swaying slightly as if in a slow wag.

Will picked up a collar from beside him—something that was not practical or desired when Hannibal was hunting, as it was incompatible with his more feral state. But now was the time for Will to reel the beast back into line.

Hannibal bared his teeth, staring defiantly into Will's eyes. Will stared right back. "*Hannibal*."

Hannibal closed his lips tightly, but his eyes remained watchful. If given rein after a hunt, he would alternate between gestures of affection and aggression—a distinction that, admittedly, was a bit blurred for him even in everyday life. Before they learned what that meant in this context, Will had found himself the recipient of a particularly rough, if exhilarating, mounting. But the collaring helped. For the most part.

Will slipped the collar around Hannibal's neck and earned a brief snarl before he tugged it tight and Hannibal's eyes fell closed with a sharp huff of air.

"Good boy," Will murmured, buckling the collar securely in place before he snapped a short leash onto it.

Then he tilted Hannibal's chin up, eyeing the blood covering his mouth, and tutted.

"You're a messy pup, aren't you?" Will patted the seat next to him. "Come here, let me clean you up a bit."

Hannibal climbed up next to him, settling with his knees splayed apart and his hands together between them—a pose perhaps a closer to a cat than the wolf he emulated, but the pride in his eyes was befitting both.

Will leaned forward and licked the blood right off his chin. He dipped low to catch the stray dribble that flowed down Hannibal's neck, tongue dragging across the rough scratch of stubble as he went higher up. He licked all around Hannibal's mouth, broad strokes to clean, not to tease, passing over his lips so carelessly that Hannibal growled slightly.

Will grinned, but gave a short tug on the leash and forced his voice to be stern. "Don't be fussy." He knew Hannibal wanted a kiss, but Will wouldn't allow it in this state; at least, not a normal one. "Open your mouth."

Hannibal obeyed, and Will gently pressed his fingers into the corners of his jaw, like he was prying open a dog's mouth. He licked Hannibal's lips, then ran his tongue along his teeth. He plunged deeper, letting out a moan at the combined taste of Hannibal and fresh blood, until Hannibal's tongue was twitching and his breath was uneven, struggling with the desire not to kiss in return. Then Will pulled back, and licked once more across his lips. Hannibal's eyes were dark with arousal, and Will smirked.

"You want to mount me?"

Hannibal nodded sharply.

Will lifted his leg and placed it on the sofa, sliding his foot forward until his toes touched Hannibal's balls. A growl started to grow in Hannibal's throat—this was not what Will had implied, and they both knew it—but Will tightened his hold on the leash and pulled until Hannibal fell forward slightly, straddling his leg.

"What kind of owner would I be if I always let you have your way? I won't spoil you."

Hannibal growled again, but Will gave another firm tug. "Tsst. None of that. You hump my leg, or you don't get off at all."

Will knew Hannibal would enjoy this as well—he was just stubborn about settling for it when he thought he had better options, like mounting Will for real or have Will mount him.

Slowly, Hannibal began rolling his hips, eyes fixed on Will. He slid his cock along Will's leg with increasing pressure and speed, tightening his thighs and lowering his body until he was, undeniably, doing precisely what Will had told him to do. Will kept a grip on his leash right below his collar, enjoying the way Hannibal alternately jutted his chin in defiance and shuddered, eyes fluttering closed.

Hannibal grew increasingly flushed, rutting harder and faster, muscles flexing. The sight of him in this state was a treat; Will had the perfect view as Hannibal got closer and closer to the edge, breath growing harsh until he grunted and his thighs shook, and he came hard against Will's leg.

Will couldn't resist taking a handful of hair and pulling Hannibal's head back, licking across his parted lips.

"Good boy," he said. He stroked a hand down Hannibal's bare spine, shifted the leg underneath him slightly, and watched as Hannibal's entire body shuddered. "Very good boy."

End Notes

So I'm actually kind of pleased with my concept here, despite the fact that it ended up shorter than a lot of my other Kinktober fics. Curious what you all think!

Works inspired by this one

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